

STACK
ANNEX
BM
45
H44

A

0
0
0
3
3
5
9
3
3
1
2



CHOSEN THOUGHTS



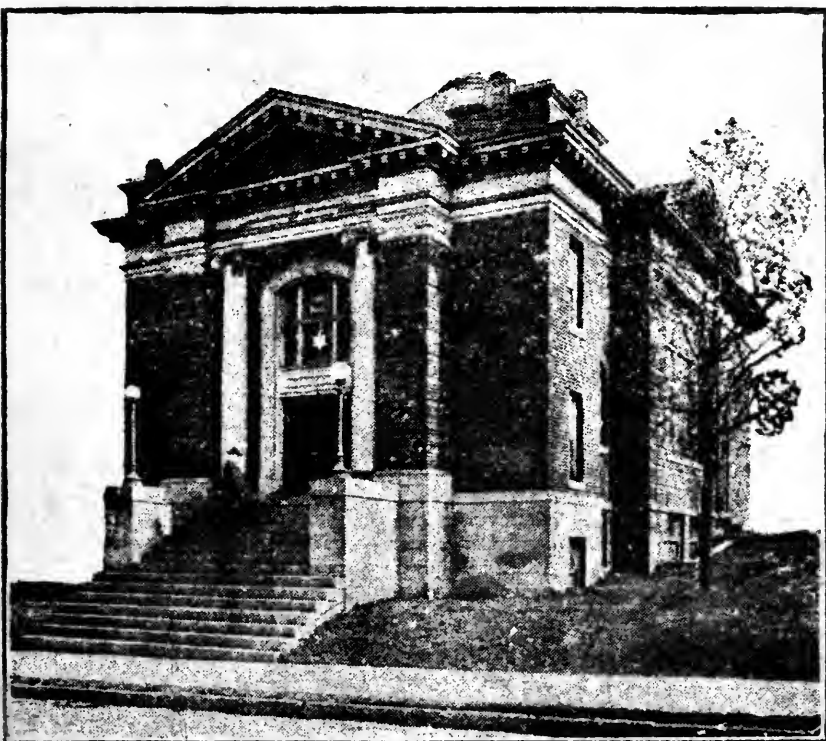
BY

Ralph Bernard Hershon

RABBI

OF

Temple Isreal



Uniontown, Pa. 1920



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

CHOSEN THOUGHTS



A Series of Lectures

Delivered by

Ralph B. Hershon, A. B.

RABBI

of

TEMPLE ISREAL

Uniontown. Pennsylvania



Copyright - - - - *March, 1920*

THE HISTORY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON FROM 1630 TO 1800

BY
JOHN H. COLEMAN

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY J. B. ALLEN, 10 NASSAU ST. N. Y.

Stack
Annex

BM

45

H44

To the
Memory of My Father
My Teacher and Guide
Ben Zion Hershon

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
1000 5th Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

INDEX

	Page
Preface	
1. And After All, What Are We?	1
2. Before Whom Standest Thou?	5
3. Yom Kippur Day	9
4. Be Not Afraid	13
5. Castles in the Air	16
6. Come Thee, An Echo of Go Thee	19
7. Forward, Do Not Turn Back	22
8. I Seek My Brethren	25
9. Get Together	29
10. Three Promises	33
11. A Mother's Heart	37
12. Israel Speaks to the Nation	42
14. A Cry for Zion	49
15. A Great Lesson	53

PREFACE

The beautiful and remarkable "thought" expressed in the words of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley stands as an advocate for my efforts set forth in this book.

"Up and be doing, is the word that comes from God for each one of us. Leave some 'good work' behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for. Is there no want, no suffering, no sorrow that you can relieve? Is there no act of tardy justice, no deed of cheerful kindness, no long-forgotten duty that you can perform? If there be any such deed, in God's name, go and do it."

These "Chosen Thoughts" echo my soul's yearning, and open my heartfelt cravings. I delivered these lectures in my pulpit, with a burning desire of earnestly wishing to do something "worth while."

In attempting to choose my thoughts, I believe that some one may benefit by reading same, with an open mind and soul.

The author therefore prays that such may be the result of his labor. Yet, hoping that the reader will understand that this is not an exhaustive work, but merely that of "Chosen Thoughts."

R. B. HERSHON.

March, 1920.

134-3881

TO THE HONORABLE CHIEF OF POLICE, NEW YORK CITY
FROM THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT
SUBJECT: [Illegible]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

[Illegible text]

AND AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE WE?

"Vayhee achar hadvorim hoalleh, v, hoelohleem Neeso as Avrohom, vayomer Avrohom Henalne." (and it came to pass after all these things, and the Lord proved—nay tried—Abraham.")

Brethren, in the silence of this great and holy hour, in the twilight of the year—burdened with so many problems and wonders—which is now fading away in the mysterious unknown portals of the ages, in the presence of a New Year flying to meet us from the unknown future, our hearts beat in one accord, our souls are mystified, our lips move in one prayer, our eyes are turned toward God in the heavens above.

We are congregated to meet with the past and the future. We feel that God is here, and we are ready to listen to the words of our holy Torah.

"And it came to pass." Yes, it is well that our Rabbis have apportioned unto us the reading of this most wonderful lesson in the trying of the human staunchness and firmness of conviction.

"And it came to pass." Ye, Abraham has forsaken his birthplace, his home, his people, and offered himself to the service of his One God. Abraham endured the suffering of the wandered, Abraham rescued his friends from the hand of his enemies, Abraham sat at the door and looked for the stranger, the weary, the tired, the needy. Abraham preached the greatness of God. Abraham, the pious, the just, the righteous, the faithful, the philanthropist, Abraham the teacher, and yet, we are told that it came to pass that after all these things, God tried Abraham, God did prove Abraham.

Why should God have done so? Why are we given this reading on the Rosh Hashonah? What important lesson can we draw out of the Torah?

Hear ye, my brethren! Life with its dazzling circum-

stances often misleads us that, in our endeavor to do the right and best we know how, we allow ourselves to be convinced that we are just and righteous. We say, "When the poor stretch out their hands we gladly respond, when the widow sheds her tears we are eagerly trying to wipe them off, when the orphan is hungry we are anxiously rendering him relief, when our brothers are in distress we are hurriedly coming to their relief, when the world is suffering we are devotedly sending our share, so thinks the poor and the rich, so thinks the young and the old, so thinks the pious and the sinner, and so did Abraham think.

In the sands of the great vast desert sat the old Abraham and waited for the wanderer. He sat alone, for old Abraham was denied the privilege and the blessing of a child. In his mind questions about the greatness of God were answered and in his heart his faith grew stronger and stronger. And Abraham prayed and his prayer was surely answered. Abraham was blessed with a son. All was peace within the heart of Abraham. He did his duties and remembered God, nay even taught the wonders of God. Yes, like many of us, having acquired a certain amount of health and financial strength, having obtained a certain amount of happiness become indifferent to great questions facing us.

We are satisfied and we rest on our false conviction that we have done or do the best we know how.

Oh, but has it often occurred to you, some time when all is sunshine and beauty, when all is hope and gladness, when all is gay and joyfulness, a cloud envelopes the radiant sun and everything vanishes under the mist of the cloud, leaving one behind it wondering in amazement why has this taken place? Why has God robbed me from my beloved? Why has God taken away my dear and sweet ones? Why has God cast this great misfortune upon us? Why has God turned his face away from us? You wonder and from your eyes there drips a tear. Oh that tear is full of woe, of protest sometimes, and then it is where the reading of the portion comes.

"And it came to pass," when after we struggle and hope,

when after we love and sacrifice, when in our battle for existence we stumble and fall and rise, when after the day of worry and grief we sit down to contemplate, when the vigor of youth is vanishing away and the old age is stealing on, when our lives begin to feel the pressure of time, and we know that we have tried to do, to give, to serve, to do the best, and when after all that, God comes in His infinite wisdom and says: Halt, you must be tried, you must prove yourself. It is then that we are to face God in His great and wonderful mercy.

So it is tonight. After all these days of yearning and waiting, after all these things, we are now to be tried and we must prove ourselves of the severe and awful test.

What is it? It is the most vital, it is the essence of Religion—Faith and Readiness to execute the will of God.

But some of you will say: Faith, why question this? Are we not here assembled to give voice to our Faith? Are we not ever ready to assist our Faith?

Therefore, I say unto thee: Children of Israel hear ye the voice of God. When all these things have come to pass and I call upon you to offer proof, you must not say I am willing, I am anxious, I am glad to do it, but you must come and say in accordance with every fibre of your body and in accordance with every spark of your soul, "Hinainee," "Here I am."

"Here I am." That is what Israel needs today. That is the great proof of every one of us tonight. "Here I am." Even though I may have come here, not with a clean hand and heart, not with a full understanding of thy great power, not with the full sympathy of my belief, and not with strong convictions that in thy hand lies my life and my passing out of life, that even though it be that you are angry with me, and the shadows of death are circling about me, yet, "here I am." I place myself in thy hand and I trust that in thy great and wonderful mercy you will hear to my supplications and grant me thy favors.

Come let us bow our heads and acknowledge to the Almighty that here we are. Here we are, ready to worship on

this great day of preparation, Here we are willing to submit our lives in thy hand and ready to receive thy judgment.

And so as the sun glides away under the mountains and leaves behind it its shadows, and as we lift our eyes and behold the stars and the moon softly beaming upon the Universe, we feel that God will bless us all with a happy New Year and that He will give us all strength and courage to carry on His great mission unto the universe that there is but one God who is supreme and that we are all His children. And like the stars in the heaven, like the moon in the firmament, and like the angels we lift our souls with them, and travel into the unknown, trusting everything in God, since we are always ready to say, like Abraham our father, "Here I am." Amen.



BEFORE WHOM STANDEST THOU?

"Ye stand this day all of you—that thou shouldst enter into the covenant of the Lord thy God, and unto his oath, which the Lord thy God maketh with thee this day."

This is a most striking sentence and one that definitely arrests one's attention. "Ye stand all of you" for whom "before God" and for what purpose? "to enter into a covenant with God."

"Ye stand all of you." The evening of Yom Kippur brings you all here. There is a mysterious sentiment which sways your hearts and turns your eyes toward worship in the house of God. The twinkling lights which mother lit on the evening of Yom Kippur still flickers in the hearts of you who are gathered here. The tears which father shed on the evening of Yom Kippur as he left for the synagogue are still floating before your eyes. The blessing of the parents on the evening of Yom Kippur still rings in your ears. The friendly grasping of the hand by one of your dear ones on the evening of Yom Kippur is still warm within your palm. Oh, the spirit of our father is still waving over our heads, touching our hearts and making us realize our short existence. So here we stand all of us, with our heads bowed and hearts contrite, with firm belief that the Almighty will hear our supplications.

Children of Israel, this sentence marks the very life and struggle of Israel. This sentence pictures before you the thousands of years in which Israel suffered. This sentence is the light by which Israel was guided through his miseries and dark days.

"Ye stand all of you." When the world pointed its finger against Israel and convicted him as the convict of the universe, Israel stood for it. When the Inquisition burned and killed, maltreated and defiled Israeldom in Spain, Israel stood for it. When the Russians drank the blood of Jewish people

and washed their hands in their bleeding tears, Israel stood for it. When the Poles broke loose, massacring and laying waste the homes of the Jews, Israel stood for it. Oh, and when some bigoted, narrow-minded man rises here and there, in his vain attempt to gain glory, he tries to besmirch and besmear, to scorn and to discolor the Jewish life and its principle, we stand for it. "Ye stand all of you." When you are scorned, laughed at, and ridiculed unjustly and unwisely, ye stand for it.

Even though, the light which illuminates their world has only been kindled from a fire that our fathers have blown up. Even though the songs they sing and marvel at, has been played upon the harp of our wonderful musicians thousands of years ago. Even though the ideals they preach have been long heard upon the mountains of Zion and in the wilderness of Asia by our great preachers. Even though the philosophy they teach in the Universities have been long ago expounded and founded by the genius brains of our men, men of Israel. Yes, even though we are the founders of their very hope and existence . . . yet, we have to stand for all the contempt and derision of the entire world.

Nevertheless, here we are, gathered into one solemn group, and ye, even more than that, when the world is enjoying the gayeties of life and our neighbors are at liberty to continue their battle for gain we, the Jew, is bidden to stand apart from all of the pleasures and gains of life, but to assemble in the house of God. Thus here we have come in full obedience to the word of God, with our souls uplifted, we stand in this house of worship.

But, I think I hear the whispering doubts, hidden in the innermost cells of the hearts of those who, prone to accept the unresisting method of life, whisperingly question themselves whether they can stand all of the tragedies of Israel, and why they should stand for them? I say then unto you: You who are weak at heart and ill in spirit, you who are skeptic and failing in their father's strength of belief, you who are questioning, hear ye.

It is given to the human heart a soul. Those two must live in accord. A beast differs from man, in that, that a man possesses the soul and beast does not. The soul is the divine spark of God, which illuminates the ways of the man in his darkness. No suffering is compared with the grief and loss of one's soul. A man can endure ever so much trouble, ever so much pain, ever so much disappointment, as long as the soul lives with him. As long as his conscience is clean, or, in other words, as long as he is near unto God, for that is the soul of the man.

Now Israel stood for all of the great suffering. Why? Because Israel stood before God. Israel had his soul with him!

Therefore I say unto you, If you want to keep your soul alive, if you want to keep the fires of your fathers burning, if that spark still flickers within you somewhere, then remember that our purpose is everlasting life. For after we have gone through the test, after we stand before God, Ye, you all, we are entering into a covenant with God. Let the world shout with contempt, let the gainers accumulate their wealth, let the frivolous dance their dance of death, but we, nay! we have come hither to "stand before God," so that we can keep the covenant which our fathers have made with God and which we are making with Him now.

Brethren, the night has come, the day is passing away, and we are coming ever nearer unto God. Wake up your souls and call them to thee. For it seems to me when God wanted to light the soul He shook the universe from one end to another, seeking for a spark to kindle the soul of mankind. He sent forth His angels and they hovered over the thousand globes and millions of stars. He shouted and the earth trembled with fear. He stretched forth His hands and gathered all the golden dust and sparkling silver, but not suiting Himself He cast them deep into the mountains and spread them over the waters. He then beckoned unto the glories of the globes to gather. From all the worlds they brought their lights. The singer sang his songs but the heart of God stood still.

The poet read his lines but God was unmoved. The musician tuned his harp but the Almighty was only pleased. Suddenly God heard a prayer, spoken tenderly, and in great haste He bade the singers, the poets, the musicians and the glories of the world to hush. Hark! the prayer of Abraham was rising and swinging its way heavenward; a Jewish heart was begging and praying to God. Then God said in his mightiest voice and in His thundering sounds, **"I HAVE THE LIGHT FOR THE SOUL! AND THAT SPARK SHALL BE ISRAEL, THE SPARK OF THE SOUL OF HUMANITY."**

Brothers and sisters of Israel, tonight we have come to stand, to listen, to be before God, so that we can keep the pledge which we have made of yore and which we are making now. Let us keep that spark of the soul which brings us nearer unto God. Tonight we are apart from our bodies and desires of the body. Let us cherish that light which our fathers lit, let us then dry the tears which our fathers shed, let us then heed the blessing which our parents gave us, let us come nearer unto God, to "Stand Before Him." Amen.



YOM KIPPUR DAY

"And the prophet shall say, 'Make a path, make a path, clear the way; remove all obstructions from the road of my people. For thus said the Lord, who inhabiteth eternity and whose name is holy; yon high and holy place I inhabit, and I am also with the contrite and humble of spirit. Proclaim aloud, spare not, like the sound of a trumpet, lift up your voice and declare unto my people their transgressions and to the house of Jacob their sins.'"

The voice of the prophet rings out today in its fullest application. Today we are awed and overwhelmed with a feeling of Godliness, spellbound by the sweet memories that group around our hearts, when in the days not so long ago, the great evening of Yom Kippur ushered in with it blessings and forgiveness, kindness and charity, holiness and penitence.

Oh, you all well, and perhaps too well, recall the meal which the good old mother prepared on the day preceding Yom Kippur. The entire family gathered around the table in perfect solemnity, eating with a true feeling that it was because tomorrow shall be a fast day to serve God. There was a spiritual spell cast on the group, all waited in trembling silence when the father commenced to pronounce the after meal blessings. As he reached the reading of "Shecheyonoo," thanking God for the life reached up to the present, there were tears. Yes, tears of true piouness, tears of true thankfulness, tears of true devotion, tears of complete recognition, tears of utter submission, tears that came from the faithful and undoubting heart. Those tears were, as I said, on every one's cheeks. Then the father in his soft voice and crying tone rose and gathered his children and his wife near unto him as though he wanted to protect them from all evil and worshippingly blessed them. Silently they walked unto the synagogue. Silently they entered the synagogue. Silently

they opened the prayer book. It was Yom Kippur.

And so today every one here brings some kind of memory, some kind of holy feeling, some kind of reverence, for we all feel the sacredness of this great White Fast. The shadows of the past are descending over us. The day is gone, night has come and we look to a new day, a new year, realizing now on this day that it is the hand of God.

Come then, my brethren, hear ye to the voice of the old prophet. "Make a way, make a way, clear the path. Remove all obstructions from the road of my people. Lift up you voice. Spare not, tell the people, my people, their transgressions."

I say unto you, my people, where shall I begin? Too many are the paths that ye have taken, where shall I seek you? Too many places do you frequent, where shall I go after thee? Too many strange gods have you chosen, which one shall I break? Too many evil habits have you adopted, which one shall I condemn? Nay, I go not after thee, but like the prophet, I shout unto you today, "Clear the path."

You who have chosen the ease and lust of life, forgetting that in the final you will pay for it, you who have chosen other gods to suit your convenience, forgetting that your ancestors have sacrificed their lives to teach to this world the existence of one God only. You who have left us to visit other places, forgetting the tenderness and the love of your own people; you who have adopted other modes of living, forgetting that the life of your people, the Jew, is everlasting, perpetual, **GO THEE, CLEAR THE WAY.** Stand not in our path. We, the Jew, whose heart still beats for his people; the Jew, whose feelings still linger with his people of yore; the Jew, whose God is still the ever Jewish God, the god of truth, of righteousness, of mercy, yes, we have only one goal, one ideal, one craving, one longing, and that is to remain **STEADFAST** and to walk in **THE WAY OF OUR FATHERS.** It may be slower, it may be faster, but it shall be on our father's path.

The Midrash relates a legend which can be well applied here. At the foot of the Lebanon mountain there lived a Jew-

ish family in peace and plenty. God blessed the father and mother with a son and daughter. The son, a sturdy man he was, and a good tiller of the soil. Often as he sat in the field he would dream of the big world, and a desire entered his heart to go out from the quiet place and enter the turbulent city. One day he broke the news to his father, who was very grieved, knowing the evils and horrors of the world. But the son was resolute and so the father bade him wait, so that he could give him something that might be of protection to him in time of trouble and want. As he said goodby, the father gave him a rare flower, saying thus: "Son, if thou wilt be thirsty and cannot obtain water on your way, smell this flower; if you are hungry and cannot obtain food, smell this flower; if you are tired and cannot get rest, smell this flower." They then parted.

On the son went in many strange lands and over many strange places. But in going from one place into another he met with a great desert. His throat became dry, his tongue stiff; he grew weary and ill. Water, water did he want. Then he thought of the flower his father gave to him and he placed his hand in his bosom to smell it; but then from a little distance, behold, there was a little creek. "Well," thought he, "that foolish thing to smell a flower when I am thirsty," and he ran to that creek and quenched his thirst. It did not taste as sweet as usual in his own land, but it was water, thought he. On he went, and became hungry: "Oh!" thought he, "Well now I am going to smell the flower," but just then travelers passed by and he begged them for some food, thinking that it is foolish to smell the flower when he can get the real food. It is true it was not so pleasant to eat that strange bread, but, thought he, it is better to eat real bread than smell a mere flower.

On he went, and grew very, very sore of foot and weak in body. Oh, for a place of rest! The sand was all over, the sun was hot. "Well," thought he, "I shall now smell the flower," but then, lo and behold, there was a tree. He hastily ran to the tree and lay down to rest under it. But as he was

resting his head ached, his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer. He was getting seriously sick. Yes, he was dying.

Suddenly his father, who from great love followed his son to watch him without letting him know, rushed to him at his dying side, took him up in his arms and made him smell that flower, "Yare dying," said his father, "BECAUSE WOU HAVE BEEN DRINKING FROM STRANGE WATERS AND HAVE EATEN FROM STRANGE BREAD AND HAVE RESTED UNDER STRANGE SHADOWS. COME BACK HOME." Back they went, and the son was never anxious to wander over the world again.

Did not our Father in heaven give us the correct flower so that we can seek aid from it any time? Does not our Torah offer these wonderful healings? But we in our wanderings have drunken from strange waters. We have eaten strange bread, we have rested under strange shadows, all the time forgetting that we have the Torah as our aid, and now we are dying. Yes, our national feeling, our inspiring traditions are dying, rotting away, and we have forgotten the great medicine. "Oh," saith God, "I have not forgotten you. I am here at your side. I have watched you all the time in your wanderings, and now that you need me I am here to help you. Take my Torah; study it, drink of it, the best mankind ever conceived, the truest man ever spoke, the noblest man ever beheld, and you shall live on and on."

Come, my friends, let us wake to that lesson today. Let our hearts beat again with a love to our Torah that is to give us strength as we go on in life. Let us come a step nearer unto God. Let us forgive and be ready to forget, as God does now. Let us come back to the old home, where love, fidelity and blessing was perfect and true. Oh, come, gather under my hand and let me bless you on this sacred evening in the name of God and His teachings.

May God, who looks upon us from our going in to our going out, may He see that our sins be blotted out and on contributions be acceptable before Him. May He in His great mercy forgive the sinners of our present conflict and bring our sons back unto our homes. Amen.

BE NOT AFRAID

"Be not afraid, my servant Jacob, be not afraid, for I will gather thee from the West and bring thee from the East"—and from all corners of the world."

This queer sentence, because of its tenderness and pathos, and because of its protective mood and promising significance, strikes deeply into the heart of the modern Jew and demands the attention of the thinking Hebrew. Through the mouth of the prophet God speaks to the child of His Bible. Ye, saith God, although you have sinned and I have fully punished you, chastised and scattered you all over the globe, yet, be not dismayed, do not be afraid for I will gather thee and will call thee to Me.

Upon my heart there group and pound feelings which reflect on my thoughts and cause my voice to be heard. My tears are rushing forward and my senses cry with emotion.

There are so many things which spring before my vision and there are so many aches which cause my cries that, now, as I open the begining of our Torah to read, to learn, to teach, I hesitate to dwell into its depths.

Hear ye, my brethren, out of the old ages appears the shadow of the wandering Jew, out of the grey misty past there looms up the suffering Hebrew. Out of the great histories of the world's greatest achievements there comes the son of Jacob. Out of the greatest joys given to the world there shines forth the child of Abraham. Out of the lofty ocean of ideals and hopes there radiates the loved ones of Isaac. And oh, in all their appearances I always see the end tail leaving a question mark.

Here, in the opening of our Bible, we have the greatest gift to mankind. Only but yesterday the Jews celebrated the Shimechath Torah—the feasting and happiness of the Torah. And tonight we are reading the beginning of the Torah. Think, that Torah which gave to the world the greatest hopes, that

Torah which regulated the civilized world and opened the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, that Torah which proclaims all men equal in the eyes of God and knows no hatred, no distinction of mankind, and yet, we, the bearer of this gift, we the messenger of these hopes, today as well as yesterday, and perhaps tomorrow, must relate a story to the child of Israel, that is full of woe and sorrow, and we must always seek the reason for it.

We stand tonight face to face with facts which, however indifferent one of the house of Israel may be, however apart of the household of Jacob one may be, however estranged and unknown to the home of Isaac one may be, yet tonight everything concerning that one's welfare, everything concerning that one's principles, must necessarily arrest his thought and bid him sit down and listen! lest, it may bring him shame and sorrow.

I hear a voice. It seems faint and old, yet I hear it distinctly. "The Jew, the stumbling block of the world, how I should love to see him exterminated," to which an answer shouts, "let's do it." Then on the waters of Babel I hear the lamenting songs of Israel and the wailing voices of the mothers of Israel. But no sooner does the echo of these sounds fade, I hear the stampeding hoofs of the crusaders, and the bitter cry of the Jewish sufferers, and as the cry is still lingering in the air, oh, I see the Inquisition and hear the terrible cries of those dying on the rack or burned to death.

But now I hear a strong voice, nay it is not faint, nay it is not strange, nay it is not old, I hear it and I know you hear it too. The world today with broken codes and shattered hopes, the world today with loose governments, dipped in a river of blood of innocent victims, has suddenly drooped and sunken back into the darkness of the cave ages and maddened with blood thirst passions, found the Jew its first and best target. From all over the globe come to us reports of the awful slaughter and ill treatment of the unfortunate brethren, and with great fear and deep sorrow I hear sometimes, here and there a voice, daring to accuse the Jew of America.

WE WHO LOVE EVERY INCH OF THIS GREAT COUN-

TRY, WE WHO SHARE WITH THIS COUNTRY ITS REVERSES AND JOYS, WE WHOSE SONS GLADLY DIED FOR THE GLORY OF AMERICA, WE WHO AT THE VERY FIRST CALL ARE NOW AND EVER READY TO DIE FOR THE BELOVED COUNTRY OF OUR ADOPTION, yet there are some fools and Jewbaiters who dare because THEY are not acting in the glorious way and principles of America, that they want to protect America from us!

Oh, when the songs of the birds are chirping, it seems to me they sing no other thing but of the glories of America. Oh, it seems to me when I hear the whispering winds over the mountains and the valleys I hear no greater secret than that of love for America. And when my heart and my soul are leaping with joy it is only of our great country, America. Ye, it is not only I but every one of you, I know it.

But the thunders are growing, the lightnings are flashing, the rain of slander is beating down heavier and with it our hearts grow perturbed and we lift our hands to God in heaven asking Him for His mercy.

What is the answer? Oh, hear, my brothers; hear, my friends. "BE NOT AFAID," no, no, "be not afraid, I will bring thee to Me from the East and the scattered from the West." No, I will not keep thee only in Zion, no I will not let thee only in the countries of the West, but I will gather thee to me.

What does it mean? Thus, there will come a time when all the world shall perceive and know that there is only but one God, one humanity, one love, one race, one creed, to mankind, and then thou, oh Israel, my child shall be loved and shall be respected, for the world will come to thee to seek the model banner and the threads which will sew the golden symbols on the flag of Humanity, the cloth which has been woven by thee from age to age and colored and then recolored, ay! with thy blood.

Therefore, I say unto thee, my friends, come let us open our Torah with a joyful heart for after all God smiles to us and His promises never fail. Be ye then of good cheer and let us attempt to study the word of God, so that we can fully realize its significance and understand its joys. Amen.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

And they said, "Let Us Make Ourselves a Name."

The skies have cleared away, the water has receded, the tops of the mountains seemed to have climbed out of the water like great giants. The sun once more paced across the great expansion of the heavens, while the birds merrily flew from top to top, chirping their aerial melodies.

God has made peace with Mankind and entered into a covenant that He shall never again destroy the living beings from the face of the earth, giving His signs in the rainbow on the clouds. And so the people multiplied and lived happily after the deluge.

But in the course of events, then like now and now like then, the mind of the human being searched restlessly and the heart of the living longed for the unknown. So as they grew and became stronger and wiser, they began to seek counsel as to their stability and protection. And so remembering the great and terrible catastrophe their first and most anxious desire was to avert another one like it. "Hovoh," said they, "let us get together and see if we can not build a tower which top shall reach into the heaven, lest another flood comes, and then "let us make ourselves a name."

What a beautiful mirror to reflect our lives in and what a severe lesson to learn!

How often do we hold council with ourselves for the ultimate desire of every living being—protection. How often do we labor and toil for—safety. How often do we waste our lives in attempts to avert the suffering of a downfall. Yes, how often do we strive to reach the top, to over-do everybody, to outshine everyone, to be called the elite, to peep into the heavens. Yes, we want to make a tower and gain a name for ourselves, and in all these attempts we forget to consider God.

Ye, we build castles, we build towers, we want to become famous, and we want to fight off God's decrees.

Hear ye, my brethren. There are families who build castles in the air. They want to establish themselves at the top. "Oh," saith the mother, "my son, he shall be the leading man of the community; "oh," saith the mother, "my daughter shall unite with the most splendid in the city." "Oh," saith the father bent upon the books, while his mind is perturbed and perspiration of weakness drip down on the wide books, over-worked and feeling the yoke getting heavier and heavier, yet, "oh," saith he, "I shall establish myself a castle, I shall win myself a name." They build and labor, they hope and toil, they strive and struggle. But through all of these days they forget one thing, the consideration of God's will.

And then, like the story of our Bible, when the least resistance comes, or when illness arrives, when God had perceived that in their gain, their hearts grew proud, their minds stiff, for they have grown selfish and boasted all their gain as due to their own struggle and labor, He turns the wheel. Oh, it is then when they, like the story, go to pieces, become separated. The children know not their parent and the parent can not know their children. For as their castles crumble, the tower breaking down, they find the children speaking a different language, the language of the spoiled, while they speak the language of the suffering struggler.

But oh, I have seen people who build towers in their minds. They want to reach into heaven and peep into the workings of God. People who, thinking themselves capable thinkers, have attempted to find the ways of God. Think, my friends, to find the way of God. Answer ye, how do the stars twinkle, how do the winds gather, where does the sun come from, whither does she go? Why does the dog bark and the horse neigh? Why does the bird chirp and the hen crow? Why are some rich and others poor? Why do some die and some live too long? Where is God's dwelling and who are His angels? These people who build their towers to reach into the heavens so that they may look into the workings of God have

so far been confused. No one as yet has properly established one real practical theory. It is all confusion, in the end.

Today we have the same attempts of reaching into the heavens. Vain desires to get a name. Capital built its castles and strove for a name, and today it is all confusion. Labor endeavors now to get a name and build castles in the air and it is all confusion. The world at large was building castles in the air and it is all confusion. Why? Because capital forgot the ways of God, consideration, love and service. Labor is neglecting the ways of God, Duty and Kindness. The world has attempted to avert catastrophes in establishing and staging the fiercest battle the world ever saw, not taking God's plans into consideration, and now it is all confusion.

Therefore I come to you tonight pressing the lesson upon your hearts and printing it on your mind that, while one must plan, while one must work, while one must have ambition, while one must think, yet in all of the above let us always take God into consideration. Let us always remember that boasting one's gain is a miserable sin against God and mankind. Let us remember that to dwell too much into the depths of God's ways will only confuse us. We must accept a good deal for we know not better. Let us above all not build too great castles in the air. Let us develop the sense of satisfaction, for in the desire of reaching out too high we very often invite great misery, because then one can never be happy or satisfied, for there is always some one higher, better, richer, happier. Our happiness, our consolation, our satisfaction, we find with ourselves, therefore while it is well to make one's name, yet it is well to make same without forgetting the everlasting fatherly eye of God. Hold this mirror against you, look into it once in a while as you go out into the streets of Mankind. Amen.



COME THEE, AN ECHO OF GO THEE

And God said unto Abraham, "Go thee, from thy land, from thy birth place, and from thy father's house, into the land which I will show thee."

There are certain things which remain in the circle of human events and follow humanity throughout ages. For instance, the desire to understand and grasp the power of the unknown. Mankind always sought to worship a power. Each according to its mode of living and in a measure with its intellect.

Thus, let us take for example. Love, that tender and sacred feeling, which in its ripe and holy state, spurs one to the noblest and bravest deeds in life. This Love has whirled along with ages. But with Israel, aside from all these things something of a different nature, not in thought, not in feeling, not in abstract form, but in reality, and in its very life has clung to its existence throughout ages.

Our history as a Jewish nation commences with Abraham. Our pride of a conception of God begins with Abraham. We are the children of Abraham. And that cry which rang out in the land of Mesopotamia, that cry which Abraham gladly heeded to, has swept along with the ages and it still here.

What is it? Hark, the ever resounding cry, the painful message, the martyr's crown of glory, Israel inheritance of Abraham, "GO THEE." And that voice, that finger, which spoke and pointed to father Abraham, has ever been the cry of ages, to Israel "Go Thee."

Brethren, the words "Go thee" bring a deep sigh out of the breasts of millions of Jews. The word "Go thee" is written with the blood of Israel on its thick voluminous books of history.

God said to Abraham, "Go thee out of thy birth place, out of thy home," and Abraham wanders away. Only but one

generation later, and Abimelech speaks to Isaac, "Laleh Maicemonoo," "Go thee from among us." One generation later and Rebecca speaks to her own son Jacob, "Go thee, nay run away, thy life is in danger." A few generations later the Egyptians say "Go thee." OH, GO THEE, ISRAEL. Every land, every nation, every age, every generation remembers that "Go thee."

Upon the portals of ages, upon the sands of the deserts, upon the high seas, upon the frozen snow covered fields, there are posts and signs, "Go Thee." Go thee, Israel... Here you are too mighty. Here you are too learned. Here you are too mercenary. Here you are too obnoxious. Constantly, everlastingly, eternally, there is that "Go thee."

Thy feet are sore, but "go thee," thy hands are swollen but "Go thee," thou art faint but "Go thee." You are a loyal citizen but "Go thee." You create industries but "Go thee." You are rendering your life for your adopted country, but "Go thee."

It cries from one corner of the globe into another. It swims across the sky and it floats with the passing clouds. It rises with the sun and looms up with the moon. Everlastingly, that "Go thee."

Oh, Israel, like a forlorn and frightened child, stands in the middle of the Universe floor, bewildered. He makes step after step fearfully. He steps and falls, he falls and steps, for there is that cry, "Go thee." "Go thee." "Go thee, my child," saith God; "Go thee, learn to walk, to run, never mind the difficulties, for yonder awaits you open arms of the loving Father, ready to receive you, as you walk across. Go, go go!"

Oh, but it is that very cry, it is that very step which brings to us the reward and great consolation. Have you ever watched, you fathers and mothers, the learning of a baby's walk. "Go, go," speaks encouragingly the mother, leaving the little tot to walk across the floor tremblingly into his father's arms. "Oh," thinks that little one. "What a distance, how merciless my mother is." Go thee, go thee, and it

is so far and so difficult. But on the other side the arms of the loving father are stretched out to embrace and receive the child.

Ye, it is so with us. We, the children of God, the child of the world; yes, the plaything of the ignorant and the intellectual. While it seems so long, so hard, so ruthless to leave us alone, and the cry is so bitter and so loud, "Go thee, Go thee," yet I say unto thee, Go, Go, for the Father on the other side is holding out His arms to receive thee in His great Fatherly love.

Ye, we too must, like our father Abraham be the bearers of the Truth and Oneness of God. We must say to one another, "Go thee." Carry on your mission, for thus saith God. "Go thee from thy land, from thy home, until I show thee thy place, thy land. And then you shall rest lovingly in the mercies of God's arms."

And from the hill tops of Zion, in the courts of the Temple, in the forest of Lebanon, vibrates the singing melodies of Israel, the priests and the shepherd. Ye, AN ECHO OF "GO THEE." WHICH SOUNDS "COME THEE," "COME THEE." For every gras and blade, every ray and spark of the earth and sun shall smile to thee, saying, "Come thee, Come thee; this is the place God has chosen for thee." Ye, wherever the sun shines and wherever the grass grows, thou shalt be welcome. Amen.



FORWARD, DO NOT TURN BACK

And the angels said unto the family of Lot, "Do not turn back. In thy escape from evil and unrighteousness you must go ahead, ever forward; do not turn back."

Under the horizon of the sky there are millions of stars. Each star has its past. Each star tells a different tale. Each star travels its own destiny. Each star is a guiding post to the voyagers on sea and to the wanderers on land. Each star sparkled with radiancy of joy and each star faded under the heavy thick clouds. But all these stars are making their headway into the great and deep depth of the future. Often when a star hastily, in running its course turns backward to glance over the vast space left behind, it misses its route and then it plunges millions of miles earthward. **FORWARD, ONWARD, FUTUREWARD**, that is the **LAW OF THE UNIVERSE**.

On! eternal race of the stars and moons, the sun and the planets. On! eternal race of time and space. On! eternal race of life and death. On! eternal race of youth and age. On! eternal race of spirit and body. No one of these dare to halt, all must speed headway. Turning back spells ruin and complete loss. Thus is the course of things everlastingly, and thus is the lesson individually. Yes, even more so nationally, nay exceedingly more important religiously.

The inhabitants of the earthly globe the people who master this soil, are much like the stars above. Each man, each woman, like a star is placed into this world. Each one of them glides on and on, toward the inevitable course. Each one of them has, like the stars above, been placed as a guiding post to the future generation. Each one of them has some time trembled like the stars above with radiancy of joy and happiness. Each one of them must like the stars above roll on and on, pacing the globe. Never for a moment can one of them stop to look back, for the universe has its set course,

like the stars above, when daring to look on the space left behind, are doomed to fall away from the regular route. For other stars come on and other people take their place.

Thus we read, that when the angels of God came to the rescue of Lot and his family, the only law revealed to them of God's plan was, "DO NOT TURN BACK."

Angels! What are they? Ye, the messengers of God. Our own clean conscience, our own pure deeds, our own clean imagination, and the accepted symbol of the world we lie in, the little child. Oh, the little child with wings on its back. The child, the future generation, the coming thing into our lives, into our actions, into our great happiness.

Mark ye, then, Sodom was despised by God, doomed to destruction. Why? And what were its main sins? The Bible points out to us.

Selfishness, Inhospitallity, Greed. So God sent down his angels, what does it mean? The child of the future came into action. Behold, he has come to save the forlorn Sodomites. What does the child say? I will destroy thee, I will do away with your old habits and your old customs, ye, I will utterly wipe out your past lives, that is the way you were living, and will rescue those who are willing to go onward, to leave behind the things which caused the destruction of Sodom and Gemorah.

Look ye, Selfishness has now opened its own ugly mouth and is devouring the people who fed it. Selfishness, that evil habit which besets one's heart and in due time like a leech draws the very vitality of its existence leaving it an empty shell burning under its own beastly desires, and inevitably brings one to be hated, despised and forgotten. Come, leave these things behind, go on forward, never turn back, to those things, else you shall be turned into a pillar of salt, thus saith the child of the future.

While I am as human as you are, while I am no angel, yet I come to you, in the sense of a messenger, thus saying to you. Brethren, those of you who are dwelling in the cities of Sodom and Amarah, practicing their modes of living—Look

ye, not in ages forgotten, not in the beginning of mankind, not in the biblical writings, but in our own present, in our own daily life these things are taking place. The present world of Sodom and Amarah is bending under its own sins; the world of Sodom and Amarah is burning under its own fire. **SELFISHNESS HAS STARTED IT; INHOSPITALITY HAS HELPED THE CONFLAGRATION, and GREED HAS EATEN THEM UP.**

Israel, I grasp your hand and say unto thee: Come out of it. Do not turn back to those things. Come, saith God, unto thee. Another life, another love, another glory, another joy is awaiting thee. Do not turn back. We cannot afford to remain pillars of salt; we must accept the call, to flee out of these habits and in doing so we must go onward and forward. Never mind the past; we all have a past. Never mind the has been, we all of us the world at large only but yesterday became a has been. Run away from these things. Let your eye rest on the future. The child, the angel is calling out unto thee, What of the Future?

Come let us as we flee away from the past meet the future with our eyes fixed on the goal, like the stars ever gliding onward to meet God. Therefore, may I not then ask you, to strengthen yourselves and do your utmost for the future of the Temple, the city, the country. Never mind the past. What of the future? Hear ye not the angels, **DO NOT TURN BACK**; will you heed to that cry? Amen.



I SEEK MY BRETHREN

"Oth Achai onochee m, vakesh."

Whom seekest thou?

Upon the strings of the human heart many chords are being intuned. The heart as a soft and tender instrument in the hand of fate, readily responds to the ever so many interludes of the master hand. Sometimes the strings of the heart are so sympathetically moved that the melodies which come out of it are full with emotion, and when the strings of the heart are in progress, there is no need for an artist or the developed ear to understand the motif. Who has not been touched by the cry of a child when it is hungry and cold. Who has stood unmoved when the body of the one we love most is slowly descending into the grave? Who did not feel a quiver at the very fibres of one's existence when your friend instructs you the last message? Who was not responsive when your child whom you held in your arms burnt with fever and called to you in tones of pain, "Daddy, daddy!"? Oh, those melodies played upon, by nature, on the strings of the human heart, are sad, mysterious, pleading and inspiring.

The heart is the instrument upon which the thoughts and the feelings of the man are being touched by the master artist in this case the experiences of life.

Yet, like the violin, so the heart. While it is necessary to vary the key of the instrument in order to produce certain melodies, still the perfect violin has the strings so arranged that when the bow glides over its surface there will always be the basic harmonious chord. So is it with the human heart. While our hearts are moved intensely, passionately, eagerly, lovingly, worshipingly, only when in touch with love, with passion, with curiosity, with religion, yet the basis of all humanity, the everlasting chord which is found in the ordinary man and woman is the feeling, the desire, the

wish to cultivate a friend, ye, a friend whom one can call "BROTHER!"

The word BROTHER seems to interpret a word of feelings. When one enters a secret organization, the first token of friendship he receives it, that he shall be called "brother."

"How good and how sweet it is for brethren to dwell together," saith our great singer. We are styled as children of one God, so that we can call ourselves the brothers of one family. Ever since ages past there always seemed to be a desire that one can call another brother. Brother, that word which holds the heart of humanity captivated.

Thus we come in touch with the very basis of the story read in this week's portion. Alone, with a longing heart for his good wife Rachel, old and unable to tend to his sheep, he fondled and caressed the child of the woman he so loved and because of his youthfulness, kept him by his side. But Jacob the Patriarch, was afraid that little Joseph will forget his brethren, nay that we will not fully understand the value of a brother, so he speaks unto him, to go down to the fields and visit his brethren.

And we are told Joseph wandered aimlessly, lost in the distance of the fields. Why was he lost and what does it relate as a lesson? Oh, hear ye, Israel!

Joseph, a spoiled child, estranged from his brothers, stood alone in the wide fields. Ye, like many of those who think that all we need in this world is to take care of one's self and the rest, well, let them worry.

There are Josephs who rush madly after worldly gain and in their race for wealth stop at nothing. The widows cry, the orphan's tear, the hungry babies, the sick, the weary, the forlorn, the unfortunate, all these are nothing to them. All they see is get and get and get, more and more and then more. There are Josephs who while devoted and loving to their own immediate family are hard and unsympathetic to everyone else. All they want is more and more for themselves. More luxuries, more comforts, more machines; ye, they forget the other fellow has a family too, and loves them just as well.

Alone, alone to themselves they live, forgetting, estranging themselves from the other brothers. There are Josephs in the Jewish world today who stand alone. They wish not to be known to their own brethren. They care not to know their own brethren. And while my heart tears asunder and from my soul a cry of anguish cries out, yet it is a fact that some are ashamed to have those brethren. Thus, parceled up and broken in pieces, the son of Israel stands in the midst of this wide world, estranged, forlorn, with his eye searching east and his feet planted in the west, with his soul rising in the skies, and physis degenerated, because his heart has lost the **BASIC CHORD OF BROTHERHOOD**, he stands alone. From all sides, voices are heard of singing. From everywhere waves of joy are being wafted, all is merry, but the son of Israel stands there lost. Whither shall he turn? whither shall he go? where shall he set his goal; where shall he find what he seeks?

And a man found him and asked him, "what seekest thee?" Joseph was startled. "I? You ask me what I seek? I seek not love. I seek not hatred. I seek not quarrel or misunderstanding. I seek not wealth or power. I seek not possession or gain. Oh! but I **SEEK THE CHORD OF MY HEART**. I seek my brethren. **ETH ACHI ANI MVAKESH**. 'My brothers do I seek.' The children of my father. My brethren do I seek who feel my pain and my woe. My brethren do I seek who understand my sigh and my cry. My brethren do I seek who will embrace and love me in spite of my faults. My brethren do I seek, who will come to me and say, 'Together we suffer, together we are misunderstood; therefore let us in love help one another.'

Oh, my brothers, do I seek who know no difference of Reform and Orthodoxy, but who feel the throbbing heart of his brother. Brother, brother, where art thou? I have a regard to you from our Father. Our Fathers in their graves speak unto us. Each one to his own. Go seek thy brethren. Nay, wait not until he come to you. Go find him, wherever he may be. Tell him my pains are your pains, thy sorrows are my sorrows. Thy hunger is my hunger, thy tear

is my tear. Tell him Father has sent me to you.

Oh, those tears of the son of Israel, those words of the child of Jacob, those tears of the symbolic Joseph, are here in profound vision and language.

Thus I plead to you, children of Israel. In these times of great misunderstanding, let us go to seek our brethren. Let us say one to another, Brother, thou art grieved, I grieve with thee, but the Lord loves and He will not forsake us. Let us find our hearts and listen to the melodies played upon it by the Jewish masterhand. **JEWISH FEELINGS, and JEWISH ASPIRATIONS WHICH IS NOTHING MORE THAN THE HOPE AND DREAM OF AGES THAT THE WHOLE WORLD SHALL REALLY AND TRULY CALL ONE ANOTHER BROTHER.** Brother in every sense of the word, so that prejudice, hatred, class fight, race distinction, will forever vanish into the archives of the ages which shall be looked back to as the ages of the modern barbarian. Because the sun shall pour its sweet rays to all, and the moon shall smile to all. Under the wide skies the whole human race shall be gathered singing praise to God for his **FATHERHOOD** and our **BROTHERHOOD.** Amen.



GET TOGETHER

(Friday After Christmas)

And Jacob called unto his sons and said, "Gather yourselves together that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the end of the days."

Happy days and pleasant, sweet hours have been enjoyed by a large proportion of the peoples of the earth. The clamorous sounds of the bells are still vibrating somewhere in the distance. The world sang wonderful songs and offered profound worship to its Lord. Everywhere, on the top of a hill in a very humble mountain log cabin and in the most luxurious homes or great public places, smiles and blessings were in plenty. The heart of the world has grown warm for that time and the soul of humanity has brightened up. The great world family gathered around the fireside. Fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers danced a merry dance within their own homes.

While these songs and prayers, smiles and merriment were being showered, someone, they call him the STEP CHILD of the world, stood outside looking into the windows of the world. Burning with a passion to smile, yearning with a fire in his heart to sing, craving with love to worship, he, the step child Israel stood outside the window peeping in.

Oh, he hears his father's name spoken in song and prayer. He hears his people's melodies chanted. He hears his families' noble doctrine preached, ye, he recognizes everything of his own, yet this step child stands outside, just looking into the window, while in his heart there is a wound of great pain.

Gather yourselves together, so that I may tell you, speaks Jacob. Ye, with your hearts rent apart, with your aims different, with your goals widely separated, with your

memories blighted and your family traditions forgotten, I cannot reveal to you any thing. For when my soul reaches out into the great future beholding the full glories in sight, those of you who are so different and apart, will not be able to conceive the same idea and the same fact.

For, saith Jacob, you must be together to grasp my meaning. So long as what one believes to be right is wrong with the other, and so long as one feels that his conception of things is more sound and better judged, so long as one worships love, another worships power, so long as one desires pleasure and another wisdom, so long as one wants wealth and another fame, well then, you will fail to penetrate into the great end.

For instance, if I shall reveal to you that the end will be one God and one people, some of will say "but the Jews they have not accepted God's son," therefore, "we who do not agree with them can not apply your prophecy of the end." Some will say, "we who worship only one great God cannot desecrate our belief in joining with the worshipers of other parts of God." Some will say, "we cannot join with either one of those, because they have not accepted our great teacher the Mohammed and have not read our Corean." Some will say "but we cannot at all conceive the idea of God, there is no God and we are atheists."

Or if I shall reveal to you that there will be a time when the mad rush of money will cease, then some will say, "it is not possible. For without the desire for money industries will cease, the world will become languid and there will be no progress." Or if I should tell you that everybody will labor and there will be more capital, some will say that this is absurd, since there must be a brain to industry and the promoter, developer, thinker, should and must get what he is entitled to. If I should tell you that the time will come when there shall be no separated governments but the whole world will be one country, some of you will grow angry and exclaim this is impossible. West and East never meet and white and yellow never greet. If I shall tell you that sometime the planets will all meet and the words swimming in the space

now will unite into one huge world, some of you will scientifically declare that I am not correct, since there are elementary impossibilities. How then can I speak to you? Get then together so that I may reveal to you the end.

First, let us see, is there an end? They tell us the sun goes down, but does it not shine elsewhere? They tell us the stars fade, but do they not glitter elsewhere? They tell us the winds subside, but do they not rage elsewhere? They tell us the storm has abated, but does it not toss its waves elsewhere—the waves which wash one shore come and go, and then disappear only to brush up against an island hidden from our sight, or to touch some far shore of another land?

Everything in this world of ours turns back to a certain function. We fatten the earth with the waste of the earth, we feed our flesh with the flesh of flesh. One thing supports another. It is only the invisible chain we cannot behold. The end is sometimes the beginning. Who wants to believe that the eyes which now behold the loved ones and the dear ones will cease to see them when the body grows cold? Who wants to believe that the heart which is now warm with love will cease to love because the heart will stop? Is not our will power greater? Who is master after all? Is it not the I? And if we stop to exist in our present form, does it mean that our I will stop? There is no end. Oftentimes when we speak, our voices seemingly become hushed after we close our lips. But is it so? Our sounds are taken up by the air and carried away, and it travels somewhere, where it is picked up to become language again.

What then does Jacob mean when he speaks to his children of the end? Oh, that is what I have pictured to you in the beginning. The children of Jacob standing on the outside, while the world is aglow with joy, ask one another with tears in their eyes, "when will come the end to all that?" "WHEN WILL THE WORLD OPEN ITS DOORS TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HIS BROTHER?" When will the world remember that it is feasting on our tables and that our father is the provider? When will the world sing the songs of

our family without a feeling of bitter hatred? "Oh," cries Israel, the step child, "when will be the end?"

Thus saith Jacob, "come here, I will tell you when. **GET TOGETHER**, and when you do get together you will see the end."

Get together, Israel, and shake off the dust which you have accumulated in thy long travels over the lands of the world. Get together Israel and wash your hands clean from the degenerate of your own. Get together Israel, and light the homes of your own with worship and love, with song and tradition, with the love and happiness of your own people. Get together Israel; bring your children to your fireside and tell them the tales of your great. Get together Israel and once for all realize that you are on the outside when the world is feasting. Get together Israel and once for all understand that you are brethren, of one father, of one family, of one fate, of one liking, of one judgment, or rather you are all of one, being misjudged. Get together and tear your mask off, for you are recognized under any pretense.

Israel, if you want to know your end, it is only in getting together. Then it shall be that the words of the prophet will come shiningly upon the surface of the skies, pouring its words into eery heart and every home. "V, hoioh baiom hahee v, shochanti b, sochom." "And it shall be that on that day I shall dwell with them and among them, when they shall get together." Amen.



THREE PROMISES

(Friday Eve.. New Year of 1920)

"In the future shall Jacob yet take root. Israel shall bud and blossom, and shall fill the place of the world with fruit."

It is very befitting to meet with a sentence in our reading of the weekly portion—the Haphtorah, which speaks of the future of Jacob and Israel, as the New Year of 1920 is ushered in. The future always speaks from the present and the present must have a past. Thus the prophet comes tonight and like a shining light points out to us at the beginning of our calendar year the future. In the future shall Jacob yet take root, is one promise. Israel shall bud and blossom, is another promise, and shall fill the place of the world with fruit, is another promise. Thus we have three distinct promises, Root, Blossom, Fruit.

With a quivering heart do we touch the note which strikes the sounds of our prophets. Sometimes it rings out in all its beauty and loveliness, and at times it speaks in angry and even in disappointed expressions. How queer it is when the world at large whistles forth its joys and delights, when the peoples are lifting their goblets, wishing one another, "Happy New Year," we too hear the words of the prophet speaking to us of a future. Yes, of future years. And what about the past?

People sing of the future because their past has given them the thrill of happiness and glories. People rejoice in the future because they have a very pleasant present, but Israel and Jacob, what hast thou to feast and sing? Where are thy joys of the past and where art thou in the present?

"Ring out the old, ring in the New," we hear in every home and at every assembly of merry-makers on the New Year, but Israel what year can you ring out, what year is old

to you? and what may you ring in? Each year brings a sigh and leaves a woe which is traceable on every corridor of time. Each year brings pain and leaves a wound to be treated in the next year. Israel, trembling with much pain, looks back into the years that have sped away, and fearfully beholds the years which are coming on.

Somehow the heart of Israel, I mean the Israel who feels keenly the disturbance of his own people. Israel whose heart palpitates with a pulsating love for his own brother. Israel who understands his religion, Israel, who conceives the great misfortunes that have befallen him from time to time. Ye, that Israel's heart is gnawing and biting with questions, and tearing away the very life of his being as an individual.

Who wants the prophet to come and speak to us of the future? Why promises of the future? "My eyes are sore from crying, speak not to me of the future," saith the exiled Jew who is brutally driven from one place of danger into another. "My heart is broken from the great misfortunes which have visited me in my exile and I cannot hear of thy future," ye,

"I've seen the smiling
Of fortunes beguiling;
I've felt it favors, and found its decay;
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind it's caressing;
But now it is fled—fled far away.

"Oh, fickle fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
No more your frowns can fear me,
For the promises of the past are faded away."

But hark! while these speak and others lament, while these sing and others feast, the voice of our great and sacred prophet flashes across the sky which seems so dark and stormy looking, like a bright lightning under a heavy dark cloud.

His voice vibrates like the thunder which follows the lightning, pounding its meaning into our hearts.

"Jacob, thou art dismayed and grieved, you are forlorn, and you are not inclined to hear my words," nay, "thou must hear and thou shalt be happy."

"My first promise to you is that thou shalt take root. Thy thoughts were sublime, thy feelings tender, thy heart soft and kind, thy voice consoling and cheering, but thy feet wandered from one place unto another, you were here and there. Thy children, they have not agreed with you. Thy parents they did not understand you, thy neighbors they did not listen to you and so you changed from day to day seeking adaptation to the soil upon which you were accidentally blown upon by the whims of the winds. But now, I have come to plant thee, not in every clime and every age, not in every state and every country, but I have come to plant thee so that you can take root.

"Ye, I know thy woes and I feel thy sorrows, I have cried with thee and hoped with thee, but do you know why you have gone through all these trials? Because thy root was not planted. When a wind came which swept across a country, you were the first one to be torn away with it. The least unrest moved you from one place to another because your root was not planted. You were not on your own feet, you were weak, you were changeable, but now I have come to plant thee so that you take root.

"Let the winds be ever so strong, let the storms be ever so fierce, let the peoples be ever so brutal and bloodthirsty, fear not! for you have come to take root, and thy branches shall go deeper and ever becoming stronger and stronger, you will become unmovable.

"But you shall not merely become fast in the earth and remain desolate and old and forsake and ugly, nay, nay, you shall bear buds and blossoms. | Thy blossoms shall be the beauty of the world. And when the world will want to find a sign of beauty and love, it shall come to thy garden to find the blossom which shall send forth its fragrance wide over the

world and its peoples. Ye, it shall not even then be a blossom only which fades away, for sweet as the rose may be it withers on its stem, but you shall bear fruit. Thy lofty and noble principles shall be the fruit of the world which shall feed on it. Thy fruit shall fill the world and shall bring blessings upon Humanity!"

Fear ye not then, Oh ye Israel. Ring out the old and ring in the new. Sing with the world at large, for thy root is taking and thy blossom is wonderful and thy fruit exquisite and delicious.

The voice of the prophet dies away in the stillness of the hour, leaving a peculiar feeling of consolation with us all. Silently do we take the lesson and silently are we placing our trust that the root, the blossom, the fruit, will come to us in the new year of 1920. So time speeds on and we sit here in the wake of the prophet's words, waiting hopefully for our future, watching its advance with eyes of hope and hearts at peace, for the prophet hath spoken. Amen.



A MOTHER'S HEART

"And when she could no longer hide him, she took for him a box of bulrushes and daubed it with slime and with pitch; and she put the child therein, and laid it amidst the flags by the river.

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the side of the river, and when she saw the box among the flags she sent her maidens and fetched it.

"And she opened it, and saw the child and behold, it was a weeping boy; and she hath compassion on him, and said, 'This is one of the Hebrew children.' "

In these sentences we have the following characters: First—a mother, heartbroken, hiding her child, then when it is impossible for sake of the rest of the family trying to shelter it, hiding it and watching it; Second—a woman's heart, as the princess shows. Pity, Understanding, Love.

(a) Pity—She hath compassion.

(b) Understanding—She understood the situation as she declares him to be one of the Hebrews.

(c) Love—She brings him up.

Through these things a people were eventually redeemed from slavery. Why? If you and I were to search the earth for the most precious thing, what do you think we should be looking for? If you and I were to set out hunting for the dearest thing in the world what do you think we should value most? If you and I were to compare our wants with the desires of the everyday man or woman, we should discover the very identical wish. **THE WHOLE BEING OF THE WORLD IS YEARNING FOR LOVE**, from childhood unto ripe age. It is love which spurs us to act, to labor, to hope, to sing, to pray and admire. But there are many shades of that word Love. Passions, imagination and love for money, power, fame.

Let us search which one is acceptable to all and which one is loved by all.

Who will deny that the love of a mother is the dearest, the most precious, the most yearned for by every heart? It is pure, it is sacred, it is self-sacrificing, it is endless, it is forgiving, it is holy, it is never doubting and ever trusting.

The mother's eyes are softly and lovingly watching the growth and rise of her dear ones. The mother's heart is always open and warm for her dear ones. Which mother would not shelter her son, even though the entire world condemn and despise him? Ye, it is then that she would shelter him under her motherly wings still more. The very word MOTHER rings to the ear in such a pathos of deep feeling that it shakes off the dust of the common thought. It leaves one kind and thoughtful.

Considering the love of the mother we cannot help but dwell upon the incident which tells of a mother hiding her child from an enemy and then at the end feeling helpless, bundles him up and with her own hands casts him upon the water.

I have seen a picture like this with my own eyes some time ago. During my student life, in New York, I roomed in the midst of the so-called Jewish Ghetto, in a large tenement house. Midnight, a great turmoil arose in the corridors and I heard cries and loud footsteps. Hastily I rushed out to see what was taking place only to find that the entire building was wrapped in a thick smoke, out of which great tongues of flames lashed here and there. By some act, I do not remember now how, but I found myself down stairs. The smoke was pouring and the flames were hot, the noise was terrible, while the flow of the water from the firemen's pipes were terrific. On the top of this great noise a cry, a terrible moan was heard. It pierced through every one's heart. A mother was holding her hands stretched out, tearing her hair, and throwing herself towards the flames, with a hoarse cry, "Oh, my child! my child, my child!" Her eyes were searching the windows. She had forgotten one child in the rush.

Everybody cried with her, for it was the lot of this mother to see her own child being burned in the blaze and not being allowed to come to its rescue. A mother's heart was rent and the world cried with her. Jochebed stood there too with her heart gone from pain, watching her own child being taken up by the waves of the river Nile.

While the river Nile carried on its bosom the child, rocking it hither and thither, a Princess of the house of Pharoah came down to enjoy its refreshing water. A princess, with roses upon her path, and music in her ears, with dreams of fancy and mighty servants. With a heart at ease and rest, she came leisurely walking down on the banks of the river Nile.

"And she saw the box on the water. She sent her maidens to fetch it. And she opened it and saw a child. Behold, it was a weeping boy, and she hath compassion on him, pity on him, and said, 'this is one of the Hebrew children.' "

It would seem that one who is reared in a palace of hatred and bigotry, one who has never felt the pang of want and disappointment, that naturally such one's heart would be hard and proud. BUT SHE WAS A WOMAN WITH A MOTHER'S HEART. Yes, deep in her breast there was the foundation of God's seed, the love for the child, the fondness for the small, the pity for the baby's cry. She stood there, holding the crying child in her princely arms, while upon her shone the hot sun of Egypt, giving a scene which we may call the HEART OF THE WORLD.

The heart of the world beats for the helpless. The heart of the world loves the dear ones. The heart of the world heeds to the cry of a child. Who among you would pass calmly without aid, upon beholding a helpless being? Who among you would neglect your own dear ones? Who among you would not stop to wipe the tear of a crying child? Who among you does not possess the feeling of pity, of love, of understanding? Who can not claim the owner of such a heart?

• Wee unto the man or woman whose heart is so cold, as

not to have pity. Pity unto the one whose heart can not heed to the cry of a child. Shame unto the one whose heart does not beat for his own dear ones.

It is only the brute who will not aid the helpless. It is only the tyrant who has not pity for the child. It is only the degenerate who forsakes and forgets his own dear ones.

Without pity for one another what is life? What worth would our life be? Without understanding we would be like the world without the rays of the sun. Without love we would be as if without the sun entirely, groping in cold and darkness, a life empty of everything which is sweet and holy, of everything which is sacred and everlasting. Man would hate man. Woman would despise woman. Child would kill his own parents, and mother would forsake her own children. The tree would cease to yield fruit, the earth would stop producing, the clouds would not gather, the sun would hide under the mountains, the world would be cold and bare.

Let us then search our hearts for pity, for love, for understanding. Pity is akin to love, love is a brother of understanding. Let us search for them. How much pity have you in your heart for your fellow being? Pity does not only mean in time of hunger or distress, but when you see your neighbor, closing his ear, shutting his heart to the noble things of this world, don't you have pity with him or her? When you see one wasting time on foolishness where one could use that bit of precious time for the betterment of his family's welfare, for the uplifting of his own morals, for the improvement of his civic life, don't you have pity with him or her? When you see one willfully neglecting his or her Religion, the only thing in life which offers hope in time to come, don't you have pity with him or her?

Or, when you see one doing his or her best to help a good cause, don't you love him or her for it? When you see one giving up time to collect, to assemble for a church, for a noble thing, for a worthy cause, don't you love him or her?

How much pity have you in your heart for yourself? Do you sometime pity yourself why so much time is fleeting

away and nothing of importance has taken place in your life? Do you sometime pity yourself when you read of the great and successful why you are not in their class? Do you not sometime pity yourself why you are not in their class? Do you not sometime pity yourself why you have failed to realize things too late?

And do you not sometime love yourself when you have done a worthy, a noble act in your daily routine. Have you ever given charity or acted for it and felt its reward, I mean you loved yourself for it?

Oh, those feelings of love, of pity, how precious they are in our short and brief existence! Let us search our hearts for these qualities. Let us develop that wonderful virtue of pity, understanding, love.

Ye, like the daughter of Pharoah, being touched by the spark of God's divine self, brought about the redemption of a people in the years after. So it is with us, having possession of these virtues, we shall love our fellow men, we shall understand our neighbors, we shall have pity with the fallen ones.

Thus in doing so we shall strengthen our own lives and making same worth the while. In doing so we shall render excellent citizens to our great country, nay, help it, to become the flag of the world with all its wonderful and elevating principles, and in the final, bring about the redemption of a people who are ignorant, who are hungry, who are being misunderstood and who misunderstand, for they lack pity, understanding, love.

For after all, my friends, if we are to reason with ourselves truly and earnestly, we shall see that it is not because we are worth all what we have and possess, only it is because the Heavenly Father in His great mercy exercises toward us pity, understanding, and love.

Come, have pity; rise, have understanding, lift up your soul, have love. We shall enjoy a better world then. Amen.

ISRAEL SPEAKS TO THE NATION

(During the World War—1917)

Standing as we do now on the threshold of a new and better era, but feeling the change and the demand made upon us very keenly I think that my subject is timely and more so necessary. There are times when the truth must be told, but there are times when the truth must be forced to the front and make itself heard. There are times when we should speak and there are times when we are to keep quiet. The word spoken in time is like a golden apple in a silver basket, and when applied in place is like a diamond vase on a marble table. There are times when your heart cries out with protest and bitterness, and there are times when the heart is willing to harden, in order to drink the sweet wine of the good results from a pain that leads to invigoration and invites new life.

What are the fitting things to be spoken of in these days? What are the cries that may reach our ears? What are the vital disturbances which cause us to be aroused and stand on watch? Hearken, ye, thus speaks God unto you in tonight's reading of the portion.. (1) "If the widow cry unto me and ye will not hear her voice, then I shall hear her surely, but unto you I shall cause the same affliction." Behold! again comes the voice of God. (2) "Thou shalt not be swayed to judge with the majority for evil." (3) Listen fearfully for the voice of God is still being spoke, "The judges thou shalt not revile and a ruler among thy people thou shalt not curse."

When a great conflagration surrounds you, it is not then to study the cause and the effect of the fire. For as the shingles come off the roof, as the tongues of fire curl about, as the windows are pouring out volumes of smoke, as the cries are heard from within, and as the building threatens to fall and bury with it the victims, it is then time to exert every

possible effort to extinguish the fire and rescue the unfortunate. When in the darkness of night the roar of the cannons are being heard and the flash of the fire lightens up the desolated fields and sends forth sparks of death, it is not time to consider what sort of guns the enemy is using and how many you can kill, it is then time to GO OVER THE TOP and pursue the enemy, slay him or take him captive. When standing on the banks of a river you behold some one drowning it is not then the time to figure whether the water is cold or warm, whether it is deep or shallow; go jump in and rescue! Thus it is, my friends, at this hour when our glorious country's flower is dug in the earth, and all that is sacred to the American citizen is being threatened, and while some mothers or wives are already wailing for their dear ones, it is not for us to consider the cause, the effect, what has been or what will be, whether it is a beginning of this world or an end of this globe, which God will save us and which God curse us. No, my friends, it is now to guard ourselves, to eat a dry morsel, to deny ourselves all pleasures, to sleep on straw, to disrobe every bit of unnecessary clothing, to give and give and give and give; for it is the cry of those who are to bear the brunt and endure the sufferings of war. It is the cry of those who will carry, or are carrying the principles and the flag of our great America over to the lands from which we have come and teach them democracy, free them from tyranny. Thus said the Lord, "Be not with the majority for evil." Even though you will hear them all say wrong, wrong, it is for you to stand by all that is right, and all that goes to make the right.

Israel, who has learned this lesson through suffering and to whom this law is set forth, shouts aloud to the American nation, Go forth, fear not, while we do not say God is favoring any kind of war, and while we do not believe in the power of the sword and might, but this is the law of God, "Be not with the evil even though they be in majority," and surely to execute the law of God we are in the right and we have every reason to hope that God will be with us. For is it right

to oppress? Is it right to slave the orphan? Is it right to exploit the widow? Is it right to persecute your neighbor? Woe unto them! for thus said God "Behold if the widows cry unto me I shall hear their voices, then your wives shall become widows and your affliction shall even be greater than their's."

It seems to me that in the stillness of the eve, one can hear the wailing of the hungry and the cry of the cold. It seems to me in our silent devotional prayer we hear the deep sigh of the widow, it seems to me that as we retire and as we close our eyes to rest, we see the weary and the agonized suffering soldiers, yes, all of that do you call right? and shall we go with the evil? and shall then not God prove that His words come true? Ye oppressors of widows and children, your time of affliction shall be a thousand fold greater than what you intended to force upon the innocent and the peaceful!

There is however a tendency when it hurts to utter a cry, and when the wound is fresh to give vent to passionate outbursts, and so you will find that here and there some one who will murmur a silent protest and say, "why all this and who asked the rulers and the judges of this nation to bring on all of this misery and strife?". Those people have forgotten the word of God, "The judges thou shalt not revile and the ruler thou shalt not curse." And above all else, it is not a timely saying and it spreads evil and works inevitable misery. It is not the fit hour to discuss the leaders' motives, this is a time to follow and do the best one can and when the air will clear from smoke, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers will send forth its delicious odor, when the piping music of the shepherd will be echoing in the mountains, and the men will chant their harvest songs, when women will have a happy smile on their faces, and men will again laugh, when children will find their papa's home and the schools will tell of the Great War in the years of '16, '17, '18; THEN the grumblers will have the privilege to sit down, think it over and ASK TO BE FORGIVEN.

For while it is said Nations are now bleeding, the World is trembling, Religion is failing, Humanity is crumbling, Civilization is vanishing, Society is disappearing and so it said very foolishly that it is the end, and that a Redeemer is coming. But I say unto you that as long as there is a man in this country who goes to give his life and as long as there is a government who stands ready to support his life, as long as there are women and men filing into a line of helping such as the Red Cross and the National Defense and all of them, as long as there is love extended to the needy and a tear wiped off the face of the widow, then the world is not to end and the redeemer IS here. Love is returned as we give it, Bravery is regarded by its valor, and life is sacred. For life is a mirror is regarded by its valor, and life is sacred.

For life is a mirror of king and slave.

'Tis just what we are and do.

Then give to the world the best you have

And the best will come back to you.

Thus be it remembered that while it is time to help it is not the time to argue, while it is time to encourage, it is no time to debate, while it is the time to march onward to the goal of golden roads and triumphant victory over brutality, it is not time to listen to the song of the siren. Be strong and courageous, follow the lead of your leaders. Do away with the oppression of the widow and the orphan, and, above all, when you know that you are right, then you must not let the majority persuade you; go on! fight on! struggle on! Truth must conquer. Nobility of character is more endurable. Freedom is like a chain wrought from the rays of the sun, warming you, strengthening you and upon which the whole world is revolving. As long as this chain is strong the world is safe; hold on, do not let one link break. Thus is the lesson of tonight. Amen.



GRATITUDE

(DURING THE WORLD WAR—1917.)

Strange are the feelings that gather in our hearts and minds. We are all bewildered and stunned, and unconsciously there comes a sigh, often accompanied by a burning tear rolling down our cheeks. The time, the hour, the conditions, are heavy and uncertain. We are looking with anxiety to the next day and wonder what the coming hour will bring. And yet, here we are congregated to offer thanks to the Almighty for His kindness and His mercy to us.

Is it not contrary to the feelings of today? Is it not mockery to thank when the heart bleeds and the eye is dim with tears? Is it not time to protest and query instead of offering submissive thanks? Why this all? Why this great calamity to the world?

Nevertheless, my friends, through the many wonders of nature and under the ruling hand of God; as the cannons roar away, and the swords smite down; as the horses gallop in their charge and the soldiers tramp over the dead, we must see the prophecy of our God shining through! We hear and we behold the voice and the hand of God. It is therefore, my friends, that we have to express our gratitude. We are in the presence of God. We are seeing the greatest and dearest dreams come true. And it is given to us to execute the will and to help the workings of God. We are His partners, and we are to consider it as a privilege. Aside from the Godly factor in this great upheaval and new peoples, let us look at the practical and physical side of this issue.

WE GLORY IN OUR HISTORY.

Let us look at this matter from two angles, as an American and as a Jew. As an American, we need only turn to the pages of our history and our blood will leap with a feeling of pride and exultant feeling! Why? Because there we see how

brave our American fathers were and what they have given their lives for—freedom and democracy! And when the hour came to demand it, nay, to war for it, then, oh, then, there was no wailing and the arms that clung devotedly to those we love most, were taken off, and the hands that clasped fondly the little ones, shook good-by, and then the great battles of '76 and '61. American blood was shed for freedom and for liberty. It is the very life of America. It is the very flesh and the very blood of the American to hold out the banner of Freedom. Today, as the ugly monster of barbarism is creeping over our globe and threatens to put his paw here; and there it is swallowing up the innocent and the young, the woman and the child, can we as true Americans stand back and let all this take place? Would we not write in the pages of future history with shame, had we not entered into this struggle to help destroy this monster? Shall we not be thankful that to us is given the privilege to assist and create the ever hoped for state of democracy throughout the world? I know it is hard. I know that the price is very heavy and painful, but what of that? **EVERY GREAT IDEA, EVERY NOBLE DEED IS ACCOMPLISHED BY SACRIFICE,** and why can we not as Americans offer it gladly? Yea, and render thanks to God that it is given to us to establish the great and wonderful Messianic principle of democracy and equality. Can you as American not bow your head in prayer and be grateful? See ye not the hand? Hear ye not the voice? The body of this world is ill, place your hand upon its pulse and you will know that we need new blood, blood of freedom, blood of equality, blood of brotherhood, blood of common understanding, and that you Americans must be ready to infuse this blood even though it is a painful operation. Give it, and be thankful that you can be of such great help. You are the ambassador that God pointed to in this book.

BUGLE OF NEW NATION HEARD

As Jews we kneel in prayer and thanks tonight more than ever in the last two thousand years. At this hour

when the clouds that hung over the heaven of Israeldom and the walls that kept the sun out are disappearing and the bugle of a new nation and a new people is heard, shall we not be thankful? Who of Jacob that feels and thinks, who of Isaac that hopes and wishes, who of Abraham that loves and cherishes, who of this great people that retains honor and pride will not at this hour radiate with gratitude to our good and great God? Who of the human race will not see that the hand of God is now offered to us? We who have suffered and died for what the entire world is fighting now, are to-night standing together with those who, time and time again, misused us, despised us, and held us out as a stubborn people.

Children of the human race, the hour is here when the long hoped-for great idea of a common brotherhood will be the prevailing and dominating thought. Happy are we that we live in this age when the sacrifices of our ancestors are bearing fruit. Happy are we to see the prophecies come true. Happy are we to behold the entire world accept the better and the cleaner ideals of life, that not with the sword and not with blood, not with persecution and inquisitions can nobler and higher thoughts be implanted, but that freedom and brotherhood will create for us a new and a better people and nations.

From the graves of our American fathers this wish is heard, from the shadows of our Jewish martyrs this is pointed out. Out of the battle cry in the fields this rings above, namely, that we are all the children of one God and that He will hold His promises to us. What are they? That all mankind shall dwell together and there shall be no more strike. Above all, let us be thankful that we can in our humble way understand it. Amen.



A CRY FOR ZION

(DURING THE WORLD WAR—1917-1918.)

Overwhelmed by tremendous problems of the day, and disturbed, yea, even at times frightened by the shadows which are grouping around us, I speak to you tonight with a trembling heart. In taking the text which I have chosen tonight from tomorrow's reading, "And when ye offer up your gifts, when ye make your sons pass through the fire, ye pollute yourselves, with all your idols, even unto this day, and that which comes up unto your mind shall not at all come to pass (namely, that ye say We will be like the nations, like the families of other countries. As I live, saith the Lord, with a mighty hand shall I rule over you, And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I bring you into the land of Israel, into the country which I have chosen for your fathers to give it to them. And ye shall remember all your doings and ye shall loath yourselves because of all the evil deeds that ye have committed," I am bringing before you one of the most striking sentences of the great prophet Ezekiel.

Before us is spread a panorama of ages in which Israel suffered with the nations he had lived. Practically in every war that was waged the children of the Hebrew race participated. Yet in no war and at no time were we so closely attached, so dearly touched, so patriotically moved, so loyal with all our hearts, as the war which our great country is going through now.

And so before I attempt to speak on our subject let it be fully understood that there must be no doubt or misunderstanding as to our love and devotion to America. Whatever my cry may be for Zion it is the right of a nation to hold to its

traditions, it is the privilege of a people to remember its past, it is the duty of a race to reconstruct its battered body, it is in full accord with the thought of today that each people bring out the best that is in them.

If times were normal then the thing, the wonderful thing of Palestine being returned unto Israel perhaps would be of less importance, but now, when we live in the most gruesome yet most remarkable, in the greatest chaos yet greatest promises, in the remaking of Civilization, then the rebirth of Israel shines forth in the most dazzling rays of hopes not only to Israel but to the world at large.

Marvelous things are being spun in our brains. In the darkness of the unknown future thousands of sparks are being flashed, in the thickness of the clouds new thoughts are being created, in the shouting on the battle fields new voices are being heard, in the sighs of the wounded new tenderness is being shown. No, do not think that the woes and the aches and the pains and the sorrows will go in vain. The earth did not tremble in vain. The foundation of civilization did not tremble in vain. The blood of mankind did not flow in vain. No, changes will come, changes must come!

The world is pregnant with a new birth. What will it be? Shall it be a lasting hatred of one class against another? Shall it be that the oppressed, the broken, the shattered, the downtrodden, the poor, the weak will be given a new way of relief, and that such things will not be again? Will there be better, nobler, deeper and cleaner ideals of life, and the corrupt, the shameful and besmirched order of things will assume a better cloak? No one can tell. All we know now is that the minds of nations are in high fervor, that the hearts of the countries which flamed with hate, shame, persecution, exclusion, inquisition, murder and destruction, is vanishing by their own evils. Eaten up by their own flames. Destroyed by their own sword of murder and plunder! But Israel, the bearer of the banner on which was and always shall be inscribed Liberty and Justice, lives today as strong as ever be-

fore. Why? because not only by the will of God but also because such principles strengthen and at all times offer hope, making one determined to hold out.

Yet, speaks our Prophet, even as we sacrifice our young, even as we go through this fire, there are some of us who say why all of that?. let us forget it all. We will be like the rest of the nations, and they forget that it is the impossible. For saith God, "even with a strong hand shall I bring them out and those that are not worthy shall be cut off." How then can those be called Jews? How can a child be called a child when the mother is calling, begging, and the child does not want to respond.. Is this a child? When the Mountains of Zion smile at us, when the songs of David are being heard once more on the mountains of Karmel, Chorab, Kadesh Zaitheem, and in the valley of Jericho the tunes of the shepherds of Israel are echoing, how can one with a living soul of the Jewish nation, with a burning heart of the Hebrew race, with the hopes of Moses, with longings of Jacob, with the dreams of Isaac, with the reverence of Abraham, and then with the millions of Jewish martyrs laying in the sands of all corners, yes how can they speak in the name of Israel? Thus saith Israel. It is the land where my greatest thoughts have sprung forth, it is the land where my noblest people spent their blood, it is the land where great traditions were born(it is a land where my soul fumes and my heart palpitates, my mouth speaks and my tongue utters the word of God. It is there that I have come that I have been, that I shall be the Instructor, the Redeemer of the purest, the noblest, the sublime and the holy teachings of God to Mankind.

Happy are we that it is given to us to see with our own eyes the promises of God come true. Happy are we to see that the cause for which we have fought for ages is now the battle cry of the greatest countries on God's earth. Happy are we that it is given to us to prove that even longing for the reconstruction of our people on its own soil—for it is only there

that actual greatness of Israel can be had—we are a people loyal to the countries that offered us protection and equal rights. With all our hearts do we long for victory of our armies, with all our hearts do we pray that the principles of our great country may become the leading motto in every nation on the globe, but with all our hearts too we also long for the returning of the exiles to their own land, with all our hearts too we wish to behold another David, another Isaiah, another great Peremiah, another Ezekiel.. Then, oh then, the golden thread of fate will combine the best of every nation, the purest of all groups, and all shall recognize the power of ONE God; and that we are all His children, to love, to help, to cherish one another, for thus speaks God:

On that day the Lord shall be one and his name ONE.
Amen.



A GREAT LESSON

Down through the ages lessons were expounded, taught, experienced, ye, it rolled parallel with time itself, but mankind, now as of yore, must be whipped into realization of eternal truth, of perpetual facts, of his small and infinite power, by visiting impedents, by strange occurrences, by severe shocks, by the cost of happiness, strength, vitality and life itself.

People travel thousands of miles to behold the ever silent, ever mysterious Sphynx standing in the deserts of Egypt. They bite their lips in amazement, they shake their heads in wonder and within their hearts a feeling of awe, bordering on fear, they leave mystified.

Ages have washed its head, sands have covered its sides, the rain has lashed it, the sun has scorched it, yet there it is, silent, angry, imposing, mysteriously standing alone. People have come, and never come back, for they vanish. But the Sphynx is always there. **A GREAT LESSON ALWAYS TEACHING.**

Oh, my friends, if you would only open your eyes, if you would only step a little closer to your own hearts, if you would only halt a moment in your constant moving of your shadow which follows you, behold, you would see a Sphynx rising before you in all its majesty, in all its mystery, in all its tragedy, and in all its perpetuality.

Ye, a Sphynx not made of mortar and lime and brick, a Sphynx not made of a pile of stones and dirt, but a Sphynx carved of the finest materials of man's noblest thoughts and principles; wrought with the flesh of the Soul and the fibres of Humanity's heart. A perpetual question in the life of man's existence, an eternal problem in the making of the world's happiness, are everlasting Sphynx in the moral and religious life of our civilization. A Sphynx which does not speak of the life and past of our people, but a Sphynx which in

every age, in every clime, in all the corners of the humanity's globe cries the same.

Draw nearer, I shall unfold to you the greatest majestic figure, I shall introduce you to the deepest mystery of ages, I shall show you one of its lessons, but they are endless. Ye, deep as the Sea, wide as the heavens, high as the Suns, teaching us forever.

What is the Sphinx? What is that lesson? Behold, it is the Bible which we read and study. It is the book of the Prophets which we read. It is the sacred thoughts which we at all times find in the Torah.

Yes, what a peculiar thing this book is; written by men inspired by God it has been the means of stemming the anger of the fool, the fountain of wisdom for wise, the comfort of heart for the sorrowful, the tragedy of the Jew, the inspiration of Christianity, the guide of the Mohammed, the whip in the hands of the unscrupulous and bigoted. From age to age, it speaks; and it is for us to decipher its wonderful lessons. It was given in the desert, thus signifying that it belongs to all and therefore, even if the entire human heart grows cold, void and desolate of any noble thoughts—yet, this Sphinx, the Torah shall always be there.

Thus grant that our hearts have grown cold and indifferent to the Bible—yet, the lessons are still there. Grant that our lives have become so sophisticated that we need not look at a Sphinx.

We have the so-called prettier things to look upon. A flowered ethical oration, a painted tee-dancer, a brute financier, a guerillo fighter, why then bother with than ancient Sphinx? Yet, these are only vanishing things. On the screen only a shadow is fleeting; think of it, only a shadow! A flowered ethical orator—mere words that fade with the passing winds—leaving emptiness only, instead. A dance only beauty and grace—if they have any—that dies with the rhythm of music. These are the things which we wise fellows have chosen to follow—yet the lesson is still there.

What lesson can we draw tonight of the Sphinx? Has it ever been taught before? Do we want same in our life?

Like Pharoah many of us assume that we know it all. "I! Why I am the man. I am my own God." You know the truth, you who are assembled here know well that each one of you think that you—whoever you may be—are better, wiser, nobler than the other fellow.

Why if the world would listen to your own claims — each one of you — tonight — would be something else. For, according to your own theory, you are THE man. Some would be leading statesmen, leading capitalists and some even better speakers than the speaker. Oh! that false pride of Pharoah is in everyone's heart, in everyone's soul and in everyone's pocket; ye, each one a God for himself.

But that is not the worst. One must have some pride. What then is the weakness of Pharoah? What is the lesson in his life, which stands out tonight, as an ever-guiding sentinel, an age worn Sphinx?

It is HESITANCY, LACK OF CONFIDENCE in one's self, LACK OF FAITH.

Like a beggar, Moses humbly knocked at the door of Pharoah, to gain freedom for his own people. Convincing were the arguments of the fiery tongue of Aaron, powerful were the tokens proven unto Pharaoh, yet, he wavered, time and time again.

Oh, Man of flesh, animal of habit, fool at heart, how long must this go on?

Wretched and grief stricken they stand with their bony hands begging for a morsel of food while in their eyes the fire of hope and love has vanished—they cry, they cry, and their voices finally reach us—We tremble, we give, but in our hearts we say—Nay, Nay, this may never happen to me. And we turn forth forgetting the cries.

Oh, what a plague! Blood smirched hands, eyes maddened with ghastly sights, hell of war spread upon a country. We are moved, our hearts are rent with pity and love, but we forget as we turn away from it. Oh, what a plague! Ye, we feel the cold hand of our dead ones, we see the eyes full of love close, we cry, our hearts break, but we forget as we turn

away. Oh, what a plague!

Ye, like Pharaoh, we behold the truth, when sickness and death grips us personally—when we fear the consequences on our own back, then, and only then, do we admit to the messenger of God's voice.

Is this not the greatest failure of mankind; is this not a miserable failure to each one of us—that the thing which is most important in our existence, should only be recognized either when it is too late, or when admittance is past its value.

Think, ye mortals of your own failure! You may boast of wealth, of strength, of wisdom, but of what avail are these things, when we lack faith?

Is it not a shame, people who reason and see, people who understand and think, should eternally have to be reminded of a Powerful Truth—the Word of God!

Behold, the Sphinx is before us! Moses is knocking humbly on our heart's door. Come, don't hesitate to listen! Lift yourselves out of the daily trend of thinking—get out of slavery. Break those shackles. Come let us go, for a while to feast with God! Let us see our failure—and it is a very severe one to doubt, to hesitate, to go back on your own convictions.

Like the old man crossing a narrow plank over the river, who made a pledge that if he will cross it safely he will donate so much as \$50 to charity. He ventured forth and came across as near as possible to the other side. Thinking that he was safer, he immediately thought, Oh, well, I think \$50 is too much; well, 40, 30, 20, 10, 5; but as he was figuring, the plank began to give way—"Oh, Oh, God," said the old man, "Look, look at him, can't you take a joke?"

Let us quit joking—we have not yet fully crossed.

Thus in joking with the lessons of the Bible we result in a terrific failure. Shall we be failures? Neither you or I wish to remain so. Come, let us draw closer to the Sphinx of our lives and behold its great lesson.

Don't hesitate to accept the truth. Don't wait until Death itself grips you to proclaim thy faith. Live with it, act with it, and help others to behold it. Amen.









A 000 335 931

